him to our sister, whose minde & mine I know in that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that still would manage those authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and must be vsed with checkes as flatteries, when they are seene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, Ile write straight to my sister to hold my very course; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that ful issue for which I raizd my likenesse; now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy master whom thou loues't, shall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to bee no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truely that wil put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale

tale in telling it, and deli
ordinary men are fit for,
diligence.

Lear. How old art tho

Kent. Not so young to
dote on her for any thing

Lear. Follow me, thou
after dinner, I will not
where's my knaue, my fo
you sirra, where's my dau

Steward. So please yo

Lear. What saies the
where's my foole? ho, I
where's that mungrell?

Kent. He saies my Lor

Lear. Why came not t

Seruant. Sir, he answ
would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I k
iudgement, your Highne
nious affection as you w
peares as well in the gene
also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, saist thou so

Seruant. I beseech you
for my duty cannot be s
wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remem
haue perceiued a most fa
blamed as mine owne iea
and purport of vnkindne
this foole? I haue not see

Seruant. Since my y
foole hath much pined a

Lear. No more of tha

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